



Where comforts all be burnt before the
 bloom ?
 Was It concluded by remorseless Fate That
 underneath th* Erymanthlan Bear,
 Beneath the Lycaonian axletree (Where
 ceaseless snows, and frost's extremity
 Hold jurisdiction) should remain my Fear;
 Where all mine hopes be nipt before the
 Bear ? Was it thus ordered that, till my
 death's date, When PHOEBUS runs on our
 meridian line, When mists fall down
 beneath our hemisphere, And CYNTHIA,
 with dark antipodes doth shine₃
 That my Despair should hold his Mansion
 there ? Where did the fatal Sisters this
 assign ? Even when this judgement to
 them was awarded ; The silent Sentence
 issued from her eyne, Which neither pity,
 nor my cares regarded.

ELEGY X I I .



NEVER can I see that sunny light! That
 bright contriver of my fiery rage! Those
 precious Golden Apples shining bright j
 But, out alas! methinks, some fearful sight
 Should battle, with the dear beholders wage.